

THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

—UBI LIBERTAS, IBI PATRIA.—Cicero.—"Where liberty dwells, there is my Country."

BY MITCHENER & MATHEWS

NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO, THURSDAY JUNE 30, 1842

VOL. 3 NO. 24. WHOLE NO. 128

Bob Fletcher and his Wife.
I once knew a ploughman, Bob Fletcher his name;
Who was old and was ugly, and so was his dame;
Yet they lived quite contented, and free from all strife,
Bob Fletcher the ploughman and Judy his wife.

As the morn streak'd the east, and the night fled away,
They would rise up to labor, refresh'd for the day,
And the song of the lark, as it rose on the gale,
Found Bob at the gate and his wife at the pail.

A neat little cottage in front of a grove,
Where in youth they gave their young hearts up to love,
Was the scene of age, and to them doubly dear,
As it called up the past with a smile, or a tear.

Each tree had its thought, and the yew could impart,
That mingled in youth the warm wish of the heart;
The thorn was still there, and the blossom it bore,
And the song from its top seemed the same as before.

When the curtain of night over nature was spread,
And Bob had returned from the plough to his shed,
Like a dove on her nest, he reposed from all care,
If his wife and his youngsters contented were there.

I have passed by the door when the evening was gray,
And the hill and the landscape, were faded away,
And heard from the cottage, with grateful surprise,
The voice of thanksgiving, like incense arise.

And I thought of the proud, who would look down
With scorn,
On the neat little cottage, the grave and the thorn,
And felt that the riches and follies of life,
Were drops to contentment, like Bob, and his wife.

THE LOST SHIP.

By HARRY DANFORTH.

"Hurk!" said a young man to a group, of which he formed a part, sitting around the cheery fire of an inn, and momentarily drowning, in gay sallies and boisterous mirth the noise of the gale outside—"hurk!" was not that a gun?

Every voice in the company ceased speaking at once, and every ear was turned in eager enquiry toward the window. The roar of the neighboring surf, and the wild tumult of the tempest, as it whistled & shrieked without, broke distinctly on the hearing, but for more than a minute, during which all listened attentively, nothing else was heard.

"It was only fancy, Jack," said one of the group, "you—"

The speaker stopped short, for, at that instant, the deep boom of a cannon out at sea, sounded distinctly and fearfully across the night, so that the hearers started and gazed into each other's faces, as men might gaze if they could listen to a voice from the dead. Neither the pen of the novelist, nor the pencil of the painter, could do justice to that look of horror. The silence lasted for a full minute, and was at length broken by the first speaker.

"There is a ship on the coast—hark! a third gun, and it sounds nearer than the last."

"And the wind is right on shore, and blowing a hurricane," said another.

"God help them!—but let us hurry to the coast, and see if we can do anything for them," ejaculated the first speaker.

With one consent the party moved toward the door, first, however, calling to the landlord to bring lanterns and ropes in case the latter might be needed. As the door was opened, a gust of wind eddied into the room, fanning the candles in their sconces, and whistling keenly around the corners of the apartment. When the adventurers stepped outside they were almost borne down for a moment, by the intensity of the gale, which, sweeping unchecked across the plain that lay betwixt the inn and the beach, burst on the house with almost incredible fury. It was snowing violently, and the flakes hissing and spinning in the hurricane, almost blinded the eyes of the adventurers; but drawing their shaggy coats around them, the compassionate travellers bent their heads against the wind, and hurried to the coast, their pace increasing momentarily as the solemn booming of that signal gun rose more and more distinctly on the night.

The shore to which they turned their steps was a high, bold rocky coast, against which the surf was now beating with a violence that shook the cliffs to their base, and flung the spray in showers over their edge a hundred feet above the raging deep below. The party had stood some time, however, on the summit of the rocks before the anxious lookers out could distinguish anything through the storm, although they strained their eyes to the utmost in the direction from which the sounds of the cannon proceeded. At length a light was discernible through the gloom, and directly a dim shadowy object, gradually assuming the outlines of a ship flying before the tempest, started out of the misty distance. For one moment she was seen driving up toward the spectators. That moment, seeming to them an age, was spent in a breathless horror that did not admit of words. Each one involuntarily clenched his hands tighter together, and gazed with straining eyes on the powerless craft that was sweeping on ward with such mad velocity to the cliffs at its feet. On—on she came, driving amid the white foam and the whiter tempest. A moment more and there was a crash, followed by a shriek that rose even above the storm, & froze the very hearts of the listeners. It ceased and the hurricane alone was heard.

"It is all over," said one of the listeners. "God have mercy on the souls who have gone to their last account."

"Amen!" said another; and again a breathless silence followed, during which each spectator listened to hear if there might be any survivor of the wreck. At length one spoke.

"There was a cry!" he said.

"A sound like the wail of a child."

"From what direction does it come?"

"Just beneath the cliffs—but now I lose it."

"Aye! and it is a woman's voice."

"There was no doubt any longer that a living being was crying for succor from the foot of the cliffs, and a dozen lanterns were immediately lowered over the edge. The violence of the gale dashed them against the rocks and broke several, but the momentary light they shed on the scene below, revealed to the spectators a white figure which they knew at once to be that of a female, clinging to the rocks and drenched with every

wave. For an instant, and an instant only, by the light of a lantern, lowered farther down the precipice, but almost immediately shattered to pieces, the face of the female had been seen cast upward in earnest supplication, and those who caught a momentary glimpse of it said that it was that of a young and beautiful girl! But what could be done for her? The frenzy of the gale forbade any attempt to rescue her by descending the cliff; and it was certain that she could not live until morning exposed to the drying snow, the intense cold, the washing of the surf, and the fierce eddies of the gale around the precipice. The spectators looked at each other in dismay. And when, in a lull of the hurricane, that cry of agony came again to their ears, a cold shiver ran through their frames.

Meantime, the cliffs were becoming crowded with people, who, apprized of the wreck by the signal guns she had fired, poured forth from their houses to render what assistance was possible to the sufferers. A fire was soon kindled on the verge of the precipice, for although at first the hissing snow flakes almost extinguished the flames, the efforts of the warm-hearted adventurers at length fanned the fire into vigorous existence, and the lurid volume streamed up steadily into the storm, or flared, to and fro, in the stronger puffs of the tempest. As the fire flung its light across the countenances of the group which had gathered around it, there might be traced, in every face, an expression of the most anxious concern, while each spectator gazed out toward the ocean, striving to catch, through the fleecy storm, a sight of the cliff to discover the exact position of the sufferer below, and see whether or not any succor could be afforded her. During all this time persons had been arriving at the scene of disaster, bringing ropes, tackle, and other appliances by which aid might be rendered to the crew and passengers of the dismantled ship. At length the fire fed by renewed fuel blazed high up into the air, and flung its ruddy blaze far and wide around, enabled the spectators to catch momentary gleams of the wreck. She appeared to be a ship of heavy tonnage, and had ran so high up on the rocks that she stuck there as if impaled, her stern falling off seaward, while her bows overhung the boiling vortex on the land side of the sharp rock on which she lay. The racking of the sea had by this time broken her hull in two, and the forward part, crowded with living beings, fell away into the gulph below, just as the ruddy blaze of the flames enabled the spectators to catch their first glimpse of the wreck. It was a heart-rending sight. At the very moment when the beacon fire informed the sufferers that succor was at hand, just when hope began again to brighten in their darkened bosoms, they were swept away into the raging vortex powerless and hopeless, before the agonized eyes of those who were powerless as the victims! One wild shriek rose over all the uproar of the gale—and then a silence, a silence there could be amid that hurricane, fell on the scene.

"God Almighty," said the pastor of the neighboring village, "have mercy on their souls—surely he is the Lord, for the deep owned his power!"

That deep hush, unbroken save by this ejaculation, continued for several minutes, during which every eye was strained to detect, if possible, a single struggling form in the wild vortex below. But whether the faintness of the light forbade it, or whether the sufferers were confounded with the foam below, not a solitary living being was ever after seen of all those who had stood on the forecastle of the wreck. Minute after minute elapsed, and still the spectators gazed curiously into the darkness, but, as the moments slipped away, hope grew fainter, until at length it ceased altogether. At length one spoke.

"There's not a soul left alive. Nor does there seem to be any one on the stern of the vessel. I fear the sufferer below is the sole survivor. Can nothing be done to rescue her?"

For several minutes there was no reply; but each person gazed into his neighbor's face with a sad, hopeless look that told too plainly what was thought. Many shook their heads, and several turned away as if longer delay at the spot was useless. But when the silence had reigned for some time, the young man who, in the inn, had been the first to hear the signal gun, stepped out and said.

"The only hope is in descending to her aid. I will try it with a rope—so help me God!"

"It were madness," said one.

"You will never live to get half way down," said another.

"I cannot die in a holier cause," answered the young man.

"Nobly spoken, my son," said the pastor, "and may God be with you in your attempt. He who guided the children of Israel through the desert, and maintained the holy martyrs amid the fires of persecution will not desert us in this extremity."

The words of the venerable man had an invigorating effect on the listeners, and infused new hope into their bosoms. The tackle was speedily rigged, the fire was replenished, and then the adventurer stood on the edge of the cliff awaiting a lull in the gale.

The attempt now to be made was one of the most perilous nature, and certain death would be sure to overtake the adventurer, if his nerve should fail him, or his path become immersed in darkness during his descent. The side of the precipice was nearly perpendicular, but it shelved in perhaps a few yards in its descent, while its surface was broken every where with fissures and jutting crags, against the latter of which a person descending its side with a rope would run a constant peril of being flung by the violence of the gale, oscillating the rope to and fro. The only possible means by which the foot of the precipice could be reached would be by the aid of a pole, used with a quick eye and a steady nerve, to fend off the adventurer from the side of the cliff. Even in the day time and during a calm the descent would have been an exploit that few persons would have coveted; but with a violent wind beating against the face of the cliff, and whirling in eddies around the broken surface, the attempt was productive almost certainly of death, and only to be justified by the extreme necessity of the present occasion. Added to all this peril, however, was that of darkness, for although the fire on the edge of the cliff was vigorously maintained the light of the flames shot out horizontally, or at least diagonally downwards, so that the face of the precipice was only illumined by faint gleams, and never wholly removed from shadow. How could a person descending the face of the cliff in comparative darkness, guard himself with any certainty against the numerous jutting fragments of the rock—on how could he, even if he should feel his own descent, ascend again to the edge of the cliff above with another person?

At length it was arranged that the young adventurer should descend at once by means of a rope, girt around his body, and made fast above, while another rope should accompany him down. Then if he reached the foot of the precipice in safety, cloaks and blankets might be lowered to him in order that the sufferer might be protected, as much as possible, against the chilling blasts. When morning dawned, or earlier, if the gale abated, an attempt was to be made to raise the sufferer to the top of the cliff by means of a chair and whip.

Every thing having been arranged, the daring adventurer seized a favorable opportunity during the lull of the gale and commenced his descent. The light of the fire as it shivered on the dark face of the precipice, and the wild whirlpool of foam below, gave an ominous character to all around him; but his heart was a stranger to fear, and skillfully avoiding the jutting angles of the rock, he reached at length the foot of the cliff, and with a light bound springing over an intermediate chasm, stood by the side of the fugitive from the wreck. "We shall not attempt to describe her emotions during the dizzy descent of the young man, nor the glad cry of joy with which she saw him landed on the rock to which she clung. She would have thrown herself at his feet, but he would not permit it. Raising her up, he said.

"To God alone are our thanks due: let us pray to him that we may escape the peril which yet surrounds us, for I cannot conceal from you that the danger is still imminent, and I scarcely know how we can reach the top of the cliff. But drop not, for I have come to save you or die with you!"

The fugitive raised her grateful eyes to the young man, and he then saw for the first time, that she was a young girl about 17 years old and of unusual loveliness. Even now with her dress all drenched with spray, and the salt foam intermingled with the tresses of her dishevelled hair, her beauty was so startling that the young adventurer could scarcely repress an exclamation of rapturous admiration, and he felt that he could dare the same danger a thousand times to win another such grateful glance from the dark eyes of the lovely stranger. But the exposed situation of the rock on which they stood—for every wave dashed the cold spray over them—soon recalled him to the necessity of providing a place of shelter for his companion until means should be found to raise her to the summit of the cliff. With great difficulty, and aided by the rope from above, he succeeded in elevating her to a narrow shelf of the rock some ten feet higher up the face of the cliff, where, however, exposed to the driving sleet and the impetuosity of the wind, she would at least be safe from the showers of foam that deluged the rock below.

"Oh! can I ever sufficiently thank," said the grateful girl, "your kindness may be in vain—but God will bless you!"

Her companion made no reply, but as he looked at her shivering form, he saw that her exposure had almost exhausted her, and that it was with an effort she had spoken.

"Drop not dear lady," I see they are lowering down cloaks in which to wrap yourself, and keep out this pitiless storm. If we can only sustain ourselves here for an hour longer we can reach the summit. The gale must lull by that time."

She made no answer except by a desponding shake of her head. The bundle was by this time swinging overhead, and watching a chance, her companion succeeded in catching and disentangling it from the rope. He now busied himself in wrapping up the form of the chilled and exhausted girl, and for awhile, she revived; but it soon became evident that her fragile constitution was giving way under her sufferings. This the young man saw with agony. Oh how he wished the ledge on which they stood could have afforded them a fire, how he prayed that the storm would abate in order that she might be raised to the summit of the cliff. Happily he had provided himself with restoratives, and these he now applied freely to the sinking girl in his arms. He clasped her small fair hand, he made her drink of the life-giving liquid, he besought her to attempt to walk to and fro supported by him, on the narrow ledge of rock on which they stood. By these efforts he succeeded in partially reviving her, and at the end of half an hour, saw with joy unspeakable that the tempest had begun to lull, and in a few minutes as if miraculously the snow ceased and the wind died almost wholly away. The youth now gave the signal to those above, and soon saw the chair descending. How he trembled with eagerness, during the minutes that elapsed, ere it reached the rock, lest the gale should burst forth with renewed fury. At length the chair swung on the ledge where they stood. Not a moment was to be lost. Exhorting his companion to rally her energies for this last effort, he lashed her firmly in her seat, and seizing the rope by which the ascent of the chair was to be guided, gave the signal. The attempt was perilous to the last degree, but they knew it was the only chance for life left. With fearful eyes his companion took leave of him but he assuming a cheerfulness he scarcely felt, bid her retain her presence of mind, and all would go well.

"Oh! it is only for you I fear now. How can you reach the summit when there will be no one below to guide you, ascent?"

"The God who preserved me, if he sees fit, again. Ere ten minutes I shall be safe at your side."

With a beating heart the young man gazed at the dizzy course of the chair, and once or twice he trembled violently as he saw it, despite all he could do, swinging in dangerous proximity to a jutting rock. At length he beheld it reach the level of the cliff—he saw it grasped by two or three strong arms—it was drawn inward—and then he knew that his late companion was safe. We will not analyze his feelings at that moment, but they were certainly as deep as if he had known that lovely creature during a long life-time—so true is it that an hour of fearful peril spent together, breaks down barriers between two hearts which otherwise it takes years to remove.

In a few minutes the rope again descended, and the young adventurer by incredible exertions reached the summit of the cliff without injury. The moment his feet touched the cliff a dozen hands grasped his and a long loud shout of enthusiastic welcome pealed to the sky. But the first thing his eye sought was the rescued girl, who, deaf to every anxiety, had watched from the top of the cliff until she saw her preserver safe. Then she fell exhausted into the arms of a kind-hearted dame who had left her home and hurried to the rocks the instant she heard that the sufferer under the cliff was a woman.

The rescued girl proved to be a young lady, the daughter of an opulent merchant in a neighboring city, who was returning from her education in Europe with her governess. Her preserver was a naval officer, a lieutenant in the revenue cutter, which but a few days before, had run into the little rock island, a mile or two from the scene of the wreck. It was in endeavoring to make that anchorage that the ill-fated ship had come ashore, when of all her freight only this fair girl had been saved.

Need we recount the gratitude of the father when his only child was placed in his arms? Need we say how often that child thought of her preserver, or how the young lieutenant found her at length necessary to his happiness? The grateful father deemed it the happiest day of his life when he placed his daughter's hand in that of her preserver and gave her away at the altar to one who, by risking his life for her when she was a stranger to him, had proved that he would be a protector to her in after life when she was known and loved.

"TRUST GOD AND WORK HARD."

A pious mother, with a family of children was left a widow. Her husband had been able by his daily toil, to maintain the family from year to year, had laid up little or nothing was long confined to a sick bed, and when taken away he commended his wife and a little ones to the God of the widow and fatherless; he had nothing but his blessing and his example to leave behind him. The pastor, of whose church he was a worthy member, called on the widow in her affliction, and found her deeply dejected, not only on account of the loss she had experienced in the removal of him on whose arm she had leaned, but dejected in view of the dark prospect before her. The thought of supporting herself and her children appeared so great that she was ready to sink under it, and womanlike, she freely expressed her gloomy apprehensions to her minister, and asked him what she should do. He sat for a moment without speaking, and then said with seriousness, "Well, I know not what you can do, but trust God and work hard." Dependence on God and on her own exertions was so happily expressed in this remark that it reached her heart and roused her mind. She saw that she had been distrusting Him who had given her the most abundant promises of his willingness to take care of His people, and she resolved to commit herself and her children into the hands of a covenant-keeping God. But the counsel of her pastor included her own efforts, and she determined to do what she could. With firm resolution she went to work, and the blessing never left her or hers. The family of children were brought up respectfully; the oldest were soon enabled to maintain their mother and assist the younger, and the motto of that household is, and ever will be—"Trust God and work hard."—*New York Observer.*

A Tale of Horror!—Two young runaway negroes have been committing a series of murders, and most brutal and damnable acts of violence to females whom they captured and carried into the woods, in the Parish of Concordia, La. They carried off a Miss Harrington, on Red River, whose father they first killed, and kept her in the woods six months, using her with unheard of cruelty, plating lines together and whipping her until from torture she was compelled to yield to their belial purpose and at other times tying her up to a tree as a mark to shoot at. One of the wretches was taken and chained to a tree at Union Point, on the bank of the Mississippi, faggots piled around him, and fired. When the flames began to feed upon his body he sent forth cries of agony painful to the ear, begging some one to blow his brains out, at the same time struggling with almost superhuman strength, until the staple of which the chain was fastened to the tree not being well secured drew out, and he leaped from the burning pile! At that moment the sharp ring of several rifles was heard—the body of the negro fell a corpse on the ground—he was picked up by some two or three, and again thrown into the fire and consumed; not a vestige remaining to show that such a being ever existed.

THE LATE MR. GRIZZLE.—A very worthy fisherman by the name of Grizzle was drowned some time since, and all search for his body proved unavailing. After it had been in the water some months, however, it was discovered floating upon the surface and taken to the shore whereupon Mr. Smith was despatched to convey the intelligence to the afflicted widow.

Mr. Smith.—Well Mrs. Grizzle, we have found Mr. Grizzle's body.

Mrs. Grizzle.—You don't say so!

Mr. S.—Yes we have—the jury has got on it and found it full of eels.

Mrs. G.—You don't say Mr. Grizzle's body is full of eels?

Mr. S.—Yes it is, and we want to know what you will have done with it?

Mrs. G.—Why, how many eels should you think there is in it?

Mr. S.—Why, about a bushel.

Mrs. G.—Well, then I think you had better send the eels up to the house and set him again.

—*Boston Post.*

A TRICK SHOWING THE "PAPERS."—A good story is told of a fellow who lives in Sandusky county. He was under the necessity of coming to Perryburgh to procure his license, and business calling home by way of the McAdams road and these hard times thinking to economize, all he possibly could hit upon the following plan for discharging his gate fees: Representing himself as a preacher of the gospel, and the gate keeper upon demanding the "papers," he thereupon drew from pocket his marriage license, (folding the paper in such a manner as to have the word "license," exposed fully to view,) when he was permitted to pass without further hindrance, by the gate keeper's apologizing for thus interrupting him, by saying that such rigor was absolutely necessary on his part, in order to avoid the frequent impositions which were subject at times, to being played upon him! Pretty well done.—*Matinee Times.*

Very unpolished.—Any person who speaks the truth, without dissimulation or affectation,

RIGHTS OF MAN.

"The grand principle is," says Channing "That man, as a man has rights, has claims on his race, which are in no degree touched or impaired on account of the manner in which he may be regarded by a particular clan, tribe or nation of his fellow creatures."

A man by his very nature, as an intelligent moral creature of God, has claims to aid and kind regard, from all other men. There is a grand law of humanity, more comprehensive than all others, and under which every man should find shelter. He has not only a right, but is bound to use freely and improve the powers which God has given him, and other men instead of obstructing, are bound to assist their development and exertions.

These claims a man does not derive from the family or tribe in which they begin his being. They are not the growth of a peculiar sky—they belong to human nature. The ground on which one man asserts them, all men stand nor can they be denied to all. We have here a common interest. We must stand or fall together. We all have claims on our race: claims of kindness and justice; claims grounded on our relation to a common Father, and on the inheritance of a common nature."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONTENTMENT.—How few people in the world know when they have enough in a pecuniary point of view, or are satisfied with a small fortune! When we start out in life, our wishes are generally confined to a moderate sum. We look forward five or ten years, and determine then on arriving at a certain point, and on accumulating a certain amount, we shall feel satisfied. But the point gained, how general is the disposition to grasp still more, to accumulate yet another thousand! In connection with this subject we were struck with a remark made a few days since by a plain-minded foreigner, who is now in this country on an enterprise, by which he has made a few thousand dollars. He said that he would return home as soon as he had made \$5000. "That," he added, "will be ample in my country, (he is a Tyrolean,) and it is my doctrine that when men are not satisfied with the first favors of fortune, but as they become independent, desire more and more, that the tide is apt to turn against them, and to leave them in a worse condition than when they commenced." How many of our citizens, who are now in pecuniary, would have been in different circumstances, comparatively speaking, this day, had they acted under this doctrine, and been satisfied with enough!

DANDIES.—There are some fools in the world who, after a long incubation, will hatch out from a hot bed of pride a sickly brood of fuzzy ideas, and then go strutting along the path of pomposity with all the self importance of a speckled hen with a black chicken! I have an antipathy to such people. They are mere walking-sticks for female flirts—ornamented with brass heads, did I say? No; their caputs are only half ripe muskmelons, with only thick rinds, and all hollow inside, containing the seeds of foolishness, swimming about with a vast quantity of sap. Tinkered up with broadcloth, finger rings, safety chains, soft soles, vanity, and impudence, they are no more men than a plated tea spoon is solid silver! I detect a dandy as a cat does a wet floor.

THE COBBLE'S LAST WORDS.—"I feel that I am weaker each succeeding day, and that I am fast approaching my end; a few more stitches and all will be over; in heaven there is rest for the weary souls; earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal." Having said and he wished he calmly breathed his last.

A SUFFERING LOVE.—"Oh, mother," said a young boy, "Mr. S.—does love Aunt Lucy. He sits by her, he whispers to her, and he hugs her."

"Why, Edward," exclaimed his mother—"your aunt don't suffer that—does she?"

"Suffer it?" replied the child—"yes mother she loves it!"

Veto.—The correspondent of the Journal says: Whatever I have intimated in regard to the course of the President on the little bill soon to be presented to him, providing for a distribution of the proceeds of the Public Lands on the 1st of July next, is, of course, now as heretofore, a matter of uncertainty. But to close the matter, I would say just this, viz:—That I know that the President will veto the little bill, and the big bill, and any bill that includes the distribution principle, in conjunction with the protective principle.

GOIT CUPPLES.—The merchants and dealers of Batavia, New York, have resolved to publish every man who gets in debt to them and then leaves without settling their bills. If they did not trust them, they would be saved this trouble.

We have heard nothing from the federal editors lately about the country's being ruined.—The pipes are discharging workmen, prices are lower than formerly, but not a lip about ruin." Entirely worn out, that ruin."

One Famed in Story.—Mrs. Blomherst whose personal charms in early life have been rendered endearing by the eloquence of Mr. Wirt, in his famous defence of her husband, died in New York a day or two since. It was at the residence of her husband, on the beautiful island by his name in the Ohio river, that Aaron Burr received the attentions which wealth and hospitality could afford, while he was travelling in the Mississippi valley, as it was alleged, to sow the seeds of rebellion and to build up a new empire by a division of the American States.